Fellowship in Prayer

"For a world united in prayer"

"There is no god but God. His temple is in man's heart, and He is nearer to you than yourself. He can be found in all things and all beings. He cannot be restricted to one center, or one form, or one name, because all names are His Name, all forms are His Form, all in heaven or earth are His beings."

—Mohammed

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OUR PURPOSE

To promote the practice of prayer among *all* religious faiths whose fundamental belief is in God, regardless of race, creed, or color, and whose tenets include the universal attributes of truth, honesty, justice and mercy, that thereby there may arise a closer relation to Almighty God and a deeper spirit of fellowship among mankind.

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FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER

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BE COURAGEOUS!

DO NOT FORGET *that the earth is the refining furnace of the Ego, that the limitations of the physical, the inequalities of evolution and, in consequence, the impossibility of the majority of people realizing, even for a moment, their unity with the Universal Self, is the reason for so much sorrow and so many personal grievances. No matter if your brother revile you, rise above the seeming; no matter if you are thrown down by seeming injustice, it can only be for a day: there are Powers that adjust the Karma (the law of cause and effect) of the individual to himself, so do not question their Wisdom in these things, but remember the Law is unerring, true, just.*

Study well your motives; if they are right you need not have a moment's anxiety about your work, or the troubles coming to you: for remember all this inharmony is the result of ignorance, therefore do not allow yourself to be affected by it, otherwise you deliberately retard your advancement.

The scriptures of all religions show us that it is only through suffering that we can attain perfection, so no matter if you do feel at times too weak to go on, be comforted; no matter if the whole world seems to forsake you, be courageous! Know that at such times your strength is being tested, and if you hold fast to your ideals, and are true to your own Higher Nature you are not alone, but sheltered by the Divine arms of Truth that will bring you all in good time to the joy and peace that passeth all understanding.

—Henry Steel Olcott

EDITORIAL

A CALL TO LAYMEN

There is no theology in the New Testament, or in any scripture. There is no doctrine there, no dogmas. These were the creations of scholars and priests. Like all man-made things, they have been changed and codified and in time, like all human inventions, must disappear. And in time all that will remain of the gospels and the system of theology and belief built upon them, will be the pure teaching of Christ and the inspiration of his life. This teaching is that the kingdom of God is within every man and has to be known, has to be sought for. Become perfect, become pure of heart. Then only will we know God. But the challenge is made to the individual—he is responsible for his own salvation.

Down the ages man has been prone to shift this responsibility to others—priests and ministers. Now the time has come for each man to work out his own salvation, to accept the divine gift of responsibility, and be a lamp unto himself. There is no other way. It has taken a long time for men to realize this but at last a great many of them have realized it. Truth is gradually winning everywhere, very slowly perhaps, but steadily.

As the truth of the scriptures advances and gradually possesses the minds of men, the untruths—the human fabrications—that have been laid upon them, must diminish and gradually disappear. We see that this is happening now in religion. As the teachings of Christ, Buddha, Ramakrishna and the others penetrate into more and more minds, the things they did not teach gradually lose their power and go the way of all inventions.

The necessity of a broad and universal approach to religion in this century means that the future of religion, for the first time in history, is in the hands of laymen. We need minds uncommitted to a traditional viewpoint, hallowed merely because it is traditional. Everywhere in our world, in every area of life, we see that the old man-made foundations are breaking up. In politics, international relations, science, in every walk of life, new horizons are being explored. Religion cannot escape the general

revolution that is reaching into every life. Our strength is the knowledge that religion alone can bring peace to a man and transform him into what he was intended to become. But to bring to people the revelation and saving power of religion, we must revise our way of communicating with them, we must re-appraise our whole method of fighting materialism and atheism. Otherwise religion will continue to suffer one defeat after another, as it has been doing steadily now for decades.

We can no longer afford to present the case for religion in the old way, to people so deeply influenced by the scientific, agnostic spirit of our time. It will not work any more. We need a new way—and new individuals to represent religion in its essentials, stripped of all the accretions of theology, dogma and sentimentality that have clung to it for so long. The uncommitted people who also want spiritual truth, will simply not listen to us any longer if we approach them this way. Who, then, can best speak for religion in our time? Enlightened laymen. They have the fearlessness required; they are free from theological insularity and a vested interest in sectarianism; they can come to grips with the heart of religion and present it, with a clear, unbiased vision, to all who are hungering for religious truth in our generation, and can do so as few clergymen, in the very nature of things, can do.

Responsible and spiritually-minded clergymen will support this new trend, they will see in it the hand of God at work.

Nevertheless for centuries the clergy as a whole have been engaged in a long dialogue with themselves. They have failed to communicate themselves to people more and more, they have fallen out of touch with the times. In periods of war they have often abandoned the teachings of Christ to a militant nationalism. They have been occupied with scriptural controversies which, in our time, are anachronistic. They have written books about theology, forgetting that theology cannot save anyone. They have too often spoken of God from a sectarian viewpoint, forgetting that sectarianism can convince only those already convinced. They have not freed themselves of the doctrinal assumptions which more and more people are simply ignoring.

In the new order of things the clergy should embrace all genuine religion with an open mind, ceasing to regard themselves as privileged in any way; join forces with the new reality emerging in religious circles all over the world; divest their ministry of everything in Christianity that does not come from Christ himself; recognize that all religions contain the same truths, all were divinely inspired, all were mediated to humanity by the same God. If they are spiritual men, they will still function as spiritual guides. This is the perennial function of the clergy, the most important one of all. But to discharge it faithfully, the priest or minister must be a man of God. Henceforth we will bow before him in reverence and trust only if he is really spiritual, not because he wears a collar or speaks from a pulpit.

God in our time is speaking to mankind through laymen, and laymen should rouse up their spirit of independence, remember the divinity that is their natures, and listen to that voice. They should also remember that all the great prophets and spiritual leaders have been laymen. Buddha, Jesus, Mohammed, St. Paul, St. Francis, Moses, Ramakrishna, John Wesley, George Fox—all were laymen.

The signs are all around us. But more important is the *feeling*, the profound conviction that a monumental change is in the air, that in fact we have already passed over into the new era but that most people have not yet realized it. The signs are everywhere, let us accept them. A new religious orientation is taking shape under our eyes. *Fellowship in Prayer* is one sympton of it—it could never have come into being even thirty years ago.

This new religious awakening is a great thing. The old way of approaching religion was good in its time, but religion now is in the hands of laymen—they are its new guardians. Priests and ministers must henceforth be our servants. Humanity has broken camp and is on the march. In its progress toward the attainment of human brotherhood, it will also discover its divine nature. Then every man will be his own minister, every man will become the center of the universe, for the soul of every man is the infinite and eternal being of the Lord himself. »»»»

WHEN PAGANINI PLAYED

Dr. W. J. Thompson

There was a wonderful scene in the great Opera House in Paris when Paganini appeared for the first time before a Parisian audience. Music lovers and distinguished men and women from all ranks of life gathered to see and hear the world-famous violinist. Amid perfect silence he walked to the center of the stage. He began to tune his instrument when suddenly a string snapped! (Someone in the great audience laughed.) The brilliant musician kept his poise, and again bent over his violin, and in that perfect hush came a loud snap as a second string broke! (Now all present were serious.) Calmly the gifted violinist tried once more to tune his instrument, and in that instant the third string snapped! (By this time the vast crowd became restless and uneasy.)

Then Paganini looked up, gazed straight at his audience, and smiled! Holding up his violin with its broken strings, he slowly advanced to the front of the stage, and exclaimed dramatically: "One string—and Paganini!"

Then drawing the bow across the solitary string, he produced such marvelous music that the entire audience sat spellbound. The sight of that strange figure holding aloft his violin with its shattered strings, crying "One string—and Paganini!", sent a thrill through the immense audience, and the amazing melody that followed demonstrated the presence and power of the Master-musician! None of those present could ever forget that thrilling scene.

But there is something even more wonderful—the marvelous thing that happens when a needy and imperfect life is touched by the hand of God! Even when it seems that every string has snapped, and all that is left is a broken life, the touch of the living Lord can perform a miracle, and out of misery bring forth a heavenly melody. One poor weak broken life—and the touch of the Divine—and lo, we behold a thrilling transformation from tribulation to triumph!

TWO POEMS

Carla Patsuris

HARK!

Hark! Silence comes alive, profound
With glad delirious riot of sound,
Sweet from the hush where blessings abound.

Hark! Something speaks. All the day
It speaks. Listen to the orphic play
Of the whole world pouring into hymns,
Or is it a chorus of cherubims?

O carolled jubilance joyfully clear,
O moment of melody forever near:
It is God we hear! It is God we hear!

IMMORTAL

Who carves them
Purple-clustered
To a vine
And seals
Within the grapes
The taste
Of wine
Can always teach
Anew
If old worlds die...

For He remains
For time
To pattern by
And other men
Can lift
Exultant urns
To other
Fruits
Where future wisdom
Burns!

THE FRUITS OF FAITH

G. Wallace Tibbetts

There are individuals who go through life
Always looking for beauty, harmony and affection;
Nearly always they find what they seek.

There are other people who never see or realize
The charming and astonishing melody of living that
Exists for those whose vision is broad enough to
Adopt the benefits of our three word trinity—
Beauty, Harmony and Affection.

To a large extent life's experiences teach us
To accept and include these gifts or blessings
In our daily sphere of thinking and action.

To be critical, but not angry or hasty in judgments,
Enables one to become aware of truth and refinements
Of normal existence.

Our faith includes the above—
To dream of an ideal
To express a hope or standard for living—
A purpose to attain
A target to aim for—
And score successfully.

We are not always victorious,
Sometimes we fail to live up to the criterion
We have chosen, because of selfishness, or an
Unwillingness to forgive and forget a slight,
Or an injury, or a mere misunderstanding.

But prayer and faith and perseverance
In the pursuit of the ideal
And a growth in tolerance for the weakness of others
Brings success to our lives at last,
And the happiness that is our birthright.

KISMET

Mark Halpern

If Divine Justice rules the universe, then why the great and ironic mockeries in the inequality of human lives?

From out the Mystic East has come the magic word Kismet. It means nothing to the aggressive extrovert temperament of the Occident. But to the teeming millions of the mystical Orient, the word Kismet has come to have a magic appeal beyond superstition. It is the solace of their lives, assuaging their pains and sorrows and teaching them patiently to accept whatever comes their way in the earthly pilgrimage. For Kismet is Fate or Destiny. It signifies the Cosmic Law of compensation—the Divine Law of Justice that brings to each man that which he has earned by his thoughts, words, and deeds of the past.

For thousands of years India has been known as the mother of transcendental philosophy, of esoteric and occult knowledge, and of the profound mystical wisdom that has nourished the souls of spiritual giants throughout the centuries. But that ancient land of the East has also been known as the mother of the benighted intolerant ethics of the caste system. How many thousands, nay, millions of lives, have been blighted by the evils of that system!

The truth of man's Spiritual Oneness with his fellow man seems the most complex lesson for man to learn even in a land where the one pervading Absolute Reality has been taught for milleniums.

* * *

Long ago in that mystic land, there was born to a couple of the lowest or Sudra class a boy whom they named Jandra. From the first he was exceedingly active and full of exuberant vitality.

As he grew up, he began to realize that although he was stronger and more developed in every way than the other boys of his age, he was not allowed to play with them, unless they were of the same caste as he—a Sudra. Often he would ask his parents why he was not as good as those of the upper classes. They would relate their usual tiresome

explanation of the caste system, and at the finish he would feel no more enlightened than when they began.

Then he would turn to others of their caste, to relatives and friends of the family. But they would have the same reply waiting for him as had his parents. He battled valiantly against the hoary tradition of his people, sensing that his soul was fighting for the very freedom of its existence.

But in the end, despite his high-spirited nature, he finally surrendered. He was a Sudra—he would live and die a Sudra—a servant unto others all his days. It was his fate, his destiny.

And so Jandra yielded to Kismet.

Still, it is not easy to smother the creative expression of a soul such as Jandra's. With his entry into young manhood, he began to have illuminating inner experiences; and with them came an urge to teach his fellow men the noble truths of the Higher Life.

When he confided his hopes to his parents, then to relatives and friends, they stared at him aghast. He, a lowly Sudra, entertaining such impossible hopes of becoming a Guru! Had he been a Brahmin, there would be no obstacle to his choice of so high and holy a calling. But a Sudra—not worthy of even treading on the shadow of a Brahmin!

So the years passed, and Jandra lapsed into the fatalistic state of so many of his countrymen.

One day, however, as he was walking along the main street of town, carrying two heavy buckets of milk to the home of an upper-caste family, he saw the people becoming excited and hurriedly taking their positions at each side of the street. Sensing that they were awaiting some important spectacle, Jandra found a place for himself and rested the buckets of milk beside him on the ground.

Soon a gigantic white elephant came into view, plodding ponderously along. The mountainous hulk was gorgeously ornamented in fine spun gold and damask embroidered with precious gems. On the elephant's back was a canopied howdah whereon rested an indolently reclining young man dressed in silken robes, his fingers and yellow turban flashing with precious stones. On the neck

of the elephant, guiding the great beast, sat a thin little Hindu, his only clothing a loin cloth.

Jandra recognized the bejewelled young man on the howdah as the Rajah Bhagavar, whose wealth in gold and precious gems was fabulous. It seemed to Jandra, as he stood there with the others and watched the magnificently adorned elephant go by, he saw the young Rajah give him an insolent smile of superiority.

Something deep within Jandra flared up—something of a fiery nature he had known in the days of his youth before he had become an abject slave of fate. He recalled how in that long ago, this same young Rajah prince had called him "Sudra dog,"—and Jandra had given him a thorough thrashing. In return he had received twenty lashes from one of the Rajah's guards—but it had been worth it.

And now, as the elephant passed on, Jandra felt himself straightening to his full height at the memory of his triumph. A Sudra could be a better man than a Rajput.

Forgetting his buckets of milk, he walked off absorbed in the old, old question of his younger days, "Why was I born a Sudra, to live out my life a servant to the other castes—why was I not born a Rajah prince like Bhagavar? Am I not as good as he? Were we not both born of woman?"

On and on he walked, till he had left the town behind, had crossed the little valley in which it nestled, and was climbing up the gentle slope of the neighboring mountain.

It had become dark, and Jandra found a cave in which to sleep through the night. He was tired, but not in mind. He lay in the dark, feeling a great sense of joy in his soul, that comes from some inspiring revelation. There in the quiet of the cave, alone in the dark, he was Jandra, a man—not a Sudra! He was of no caste, or category—of no man-made classification. He was himself—the Self he had always been and always would be, beyond all social distinctions.

Suddenly the cave became illumined with soft phosphorescence, and Jandra beheld a wondrous sight. There was the magnificent elephant he had seen earlier in the day. But on the howdah, instead of the Rajah Bhagavar, there

sat none other than he himself, he, Jandra! In silks and heavily bejewelled! And down below in the streets, among the people who were watching the richly ornamented elephant passing by, was a poor defeated-looking man, a lowly Sudra, who had stopped to rest his heavy buckets on the ground beside him. And the face of the Sudra was not Jandra. It was the face of the young Rajah Bhagavar!

Then came a quiet voice through the silence of the cave. "Man plays many roles on the stage of life. The roles which thou and thy brother portrayed in another day, as thou seest before thee now, are reversed in this day of thy life. And may again be reversed tomorrow. Thus, do the roles change, until man has garnered from each the experience necessary for his full awakening. But the man behind the role is forever himself, eternal, immortal, invulnerable. When man finds his Real Self, he is no longer the toy of fate. He rules his destiny and is free forevermore."

The voice died away in a melodious echo. And with it, the light and the vision vanished. Jandra, transfigured with the illumination, felt himself one with his Real Immortal Self. He offered up his gratitude to Brahma, the Supreme Creator, and dedicated himself to devote the rest of his life to free his countrymen from the ignorance of separativeness. In true wisdom each caste would then progress in the consciousness of Oneness, until one day they would all be merged in Universal Brotherhood.

Then he closed his eyes and slept the sleep of the blessed...

* * *

What then is the answer to the great Eternal Why when applied to the seeming inequalities of life? The illumined seers tell us that in the Oneness of Absolute Truth there can be no Why — no question and no answer. For all is Spirit and therefore there are no essential inequalities. The inequalities appear to exist only when man judges from outer appearances and is oblivious of the fact that the Real Man is the hidden divinity within. And since all the members of the Human Family are children of the same God, there is in truth no inequality. Therefore, it is man's invincible spirit and not fatalistic Kismet, that is the deciding factor in his upward climb to liberation.

« « » »

A GOD WHO SEEKS

Rev. Roy Wallace Thomas

Some years ago, in a report of a meeting of prominent preachers, my attention was caught by the statement that a great leader of religious thought "had *recovered* the note of a God who does not wait to be found, but who goes out to seek." I was surprised that this idea had to be "recovered", in spite of the fact that my own thinking has changed and grown in important aspects up through the years. I had always believed that the Bible clearly teaches that God seeks every man in his need. I now write in simple words of that conviction, permitting those differently reared to stress the views of their own religions on this subject.

In what way does God seek? How may we find this questing God? I see no reason why our discussion should lose us in the wilderness of the abstract.

"The hour cometh and now is, when the true worshiper shall worship the Father in spirit and truth: for such doth the Father seek to be his worshipers." This saying of Jesus is in harmony with many a parable, such as the parables of the lost sheep, the lost coin, and the lost son. These three parables, for example, not only picture the seeking of God for the lost, but they also unite in portraying God's boundless joy over the return of every sinner. For sin, to my mind, is trying to live apart from God.

God is like a shepherd who leaves his flock locked securely in the fold while he goes out and risks his life to find the lost sheep in the wolf-infested desert. God is like a woman whose ten coins, although worth a mere $1.60 in our money, are a fortune in her desperate poverty, and who loses one. She is heartbroken until she finds it. God is like the father whose heart breaks until the lost son returns.

How do we come by the knowledge of such truth? "Through the written Word—the Bible." Assuredly! But how does the Bible come by this knowledge? "By revelation." True, if we use this word carefully, (We cannot say that everything called "revelation" is revelation without doing damage to the mind of God.) How is revelation made? "The Word was made flesh." "God hath not left himself without

witness.'' "You know that you are a letter from Christ delivered by me, written not in ink, but in the Spirit of the living God, and not on tablets of stone, but on the human heart.''

Before there could be a New Testament there had to be a Living Epistle from God—Jesus—and living letters from Christ—disciples. The worth of the New Testament to us is its faithfulness in telling about *living epistles.* God's revelation is alive. It is "the religion of the Spirit" written in the character and personality of man. Back of this discrimination lies the secret of religious power and life. No matter how true the Bible is upon my desk, *it is not real revelation for me until I have trod the entire path in the direction it points and find for myself the seeking God portrayed.*

But there is one thing God cannot do. Unlike the shepherd who can pick up the frantic lamb and carry it by force back to the field, God cannot force a human soul. Jesus could not compel the disgruntled followers who deserted to return to him. He could not force the cruel hierarchy to be unselfish. He could not make Judas Iscariot loyal. This is because we are made in the pattern of our Creator. We each have a certain power of action. The transcendent God may "break through," but he never violates personality.

In our kind of cosmos, God works only as an immanent Presence. His revelation is given only through normal human and spiritual processes. "No man hath seen God at any time," yet "in him we live and move, and have our being." He is everywhere. He is in every right motive, pure desire, lofty aspiration, high purpose. He is in every impulse of right, of good, of justice, of mercy. He is in the heart and mind of every true prophet, pastor, social worker, reformer, teacher, sage—in all whose souls flame with love and righteousness. He was in the heart of Buddha, the mind of Confucius, the will of Socrates. We Christians find God supremely in the life of Jesus. God is in high friendship and in the pure love of fathers and mothers.

Human symbols are our highest medium of exchange in our commerce with invisible reality. But Jesus found the symbol of the all-powerful, capricious oriental despot, whose will was moved only by fawning "intercession," wholly inadequate as

a suggestion of what God is like. He turned to the highest human symbol, namely, parental love. And when the Master set himself to perfect a simple picture of God, he gave the world "the gospel within the gospel"—the parable of the lost son.

What brought the wanderer back? Why did the father not leave the home, as the shepherd left the sheep locked in the fold, and pursue his son into the land of waste and famine? Because, when the prodigal left, the father had done all that he could to keep the boy at home. Nothing more could be done until the son should "come to himself" and turn to the father.

Where is "intercession" in this parable? None was needed toward the kind of father pictured here. He had not driven the son away. Every moment he was ready to forgive and to welcome the son back. What stood between the father and the son was stubborn self-will in the son's heart. This was the tyrant. This power must be broken, but it could be done only from within. It was broken when the son "came to himself," arose and returned. It was the complete change in the son, expressed in his penitent return, that enabled the father to lavish upon him the forgiving welcome.

And it was the image of his father's bountiful love and integrity, written indelibly in the son's mind, that finally brought him to his senses. *The father had so lived that every thought of him was a call to return.* God is that kind of father. God cannot do our repenting for us. God seeks, but *man must turn and respond.*

Every step of the son's return, every step of any man's response to God, is positive prayer, for true prayer is action, commitment. This action is far more than a pious motion of the lips. Prayer is "getting on God's side." It is to move over. This is not easy—it is very hard—for it involves action, change, at the core of the person. For the boy, such prayer means continued growth, as the boy Jesus "grew and became strong, filled with wisdom." For the man, positive prayer to the God who seeks means fruition, fulfillment, growing into maturity—by the use of divine forces achieving manhood at the highest. In the re-creation of the human race God needs men. And the secret for man is to keep close to the questing God through creative prayer. ««»»

THE IMPERISHABLE MONUMENT

By the good we do, as we journey along the highway of life, in our pilgrimage upon the earth, we erect our own, enduring monuments, far greater than posterity could possibly build to our memory out of stately granite.

Monuments made by man, out of the most enduring stone, will crumble, fall to earth and pass away but our good works will endure forever. Our material possessions are temporal but our good works are eternal.

Our good works are engraved upon the pages of God's Book of Remembrance and shall remain there throughout all eternity.

Let us, therefore, keep busy in good works, fulfilling the Master's command— "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven" and be ever mindful that an opportunity lost can never be regained.

—Harry Halsey Starrett

A PRAYER FOR LIGHT

Oh, let Eternal Light immerse my soul,
And steadfast love keep my heart warm
and true;
And as the angels write upon the scroll
I would with God hold constant interview.
There is so much I do not understand—
So much for my encompassed mind to know—
Unto Thy Likeness may my soul expand—
Into Thy Boundlessness let my heart grow.

—Bess Foster Smith

BUDDHIST MEDITATION

George B. Fowler

Buddhist meditation is a tremendous subject, a subject so vast it would take volumes to exhaust it. It ranges all the way from confronting an object to annihilating the annihilation of an object and ultimately achieving a realization that is beyond any level of so-called consciousness. One technique for meditation which is more widely followed in India and Japan than elsewhere is that of identification with the object of contemplation. By thus identifying with the object of concern, the Buddhist at his best grapples with and solves his problem.

In meditation the Buddhist sits quietly and endeavors to attain the state of consciousness and serenity realized by the Buddha under the Bo-Tree. That meditation through which the Indian sage, Gautama, attained *nirvana* (Buddhahood) was an identification with the highest enlightenment. From the fact of his years of struggle, his years of meditation, and his final victory over delusions both within and without his mind, the Buddha is often called Tathagata (he who has thus attained). This victorious meditation of Gautama resulted in his becoming a *Buddha* (an awakened one). Since Buddhists believe profoundly that all beings are essentially Buddha, the great awakening of the sage Gautama is the greatest event in history to Buddhists. Every year in early December countless monks in the monasteries in Buddhist lands make a special effort to attain enlightenment in commemoration of the great event under the Tree of trees.

The Buddha's attainment of enlightenment - realization of THIS - understanding of REALITY - has inspired uncountable works of the heart, brain, and spirit in Asia over the last 2500 years. This supreme meditation by Gautama is the inexhaustible source of the disciplined Buddhist life.

It is the key to Dharma (consciousness which is intrinsic in all sentient beings). Accordingly, one can speak of the life of meditation as the Buddhist equivalent to the life of prayer.

How does a Zen Buddhist proceed in this, the most important element in his religious life? Unless he be a monk, he affirms daily and demonstrates hourly that

there are many different paths, all leading to the serenity of Zen—all with meditation at their core. If he be a woodcutter, he practices that craft with integrity. If he be a housekeeper, he makes his house a home. If he be a soldier, he does his duty in accordance with the finest traditions of the military service. *Laborare est orare!** As Zennists frequently say:

"Walk straight on!" Or "I never saw a man lost on a straight road! There is no other way!" The chief factor in practicing the Zen of work is, as we have seen, meditation—meditation in all aspects of the work process. The true Zen student ends by being a competent artist in his work because he has fully indentified with his role in the world.

If his work life has been thus integrated, the Zennist can turn his attention to "truing up" his view of the world. Here the five great delusions of mind (*skandhas*-shadows) of Buddhist terminology can be of assistance in his meditation practice. These five great shadows can be envisioned as five concentric spheres or layers of consciousness, each with a different meaning. Each must be confronted, penetrated, and annihilated to be useful on the path to Reality.

They are the delusions of: appearance; labels; concepts; imagination, or mood; and conscience. On the seat of mind—mind meditating on MIND—in MIND—the sitter ultimately realizes and destroys these five shadows. Indeed, the aim of Buddhist meditation is to destroy delusions of consciousness, and thus to attain the tranquillity of mind known as *nirvana*.

Buddhists know one thing exists, one entity—THIS. They do not attain to the realization of THIS by reason, but by intuition. Once they have studied and realized and annihilated the five shadows of mind, the foundation on which to build the Buddhist life is laid and the Way of Dharma lies straight ahead. The Way of Meditation is the famous Middle Way of the true Buddhist.

In temples of the Rinzai Zen School, before commencing their disciplines of meditation, the aspirants repeat the four great vows:

"Sentient beings are numberless, I take a vow to enlighten them all.
Worldly desires are endless, I take a vow to uproot them all.
The gates of Dharma are manifold, I take a vow to enter them all.
The goal of Wisdom is ever beyond, I take a voew to attain it."

**To work is to pray.* (Ed. note)

GOD IN MY GARDEN

Janet Hackney

Spirit is many things to many people. As I worked in my bulb garden this morning, He was in the good, brown earth as it crumbled under my spade. He was in the bulbs as I tucked them tenderly into the earth. He was the heart of these little, brown onion-like, oval shaped things. In April, He will be in the green sprouts that break through the crust of soil formed from the spring rains and stretch themselves toward the bright, warm sum. He will be in the creamy leaves rolled into a tight bud. He will be in those leaves as they take on color and become like flame in the warmer, brighter sun of the ensuing days. This is the true spirit of resurrection. It is no nearer to these little bulbs nor to the color in the tulip blooms than it is to me as I commune in silent wordless prayer with my maker. This is the spirit of light, sun, victory and joy. What a lovely resurrection that these bulbs will not truly die, but will live for us again next April.

Tending a garden reminds us of a higher life circle. To those watching in eternity man's life circle must seem as short. Our parents completed this life circle, they were born, knew the warmth of the sun and the blessed coolness of darkness in the summer, the beauty of the earth and the joy of having young and caring for them. Then they, in the winter of life, return to earth and life goes on through us. Some are denied this life cycle in one way or another. They wither or fade before they bloom, cut down like a plant by a careless foot. Some dry up and blow away without reproducing seeds and perhaps this also is part of a plan too large for human understanding.

When we plant the seed of phlox, do we doubt that we will grow phlox? We need to plan our garden carefully in order to get the most out of the seeds we plant. We must plan it for our particular garden spot, sow the seeds of the taller plants in the background and taper down to the smaller, shyer seeds in the front. This requires meditation, ordering from a reliable source of seeds (which is prayer) and careful handling of the ground, throwing out the rock, adding peat moss (which is tolerance) to

keep the ground from packing. We must plan this garden so it will be in the shade part of the day and in the sunlight some too (which is meditation and human growth).

Man's spirit responds to God in prayer as the roots of a plant do to soft rain water or green leaves to light. Because we are a part of life, we too have the problems of life. We can run to meet life's joys and we can brace ourselves by frequent prayer to meet its challenges. One of the joys of life is that we can change some of the problems. Man is the higher animal, he can build these problems and experiences into something better. Anyone can throw up his hands in despair, but those who have the strength of faith can grow from pain. His presence is within us and all around us. How do those who do not believe in prayer survive life's catastophes? Where do they go when there is no one to go to? For those who believe in prayer and have faith, prayer is survival power. It isn't so much the answers that come from prayer, but the assurance that prayer is a way to face life that strengthens us.

There are many paths to prayer. Great music or great paintings are roads to prayer. Each must find his own way. To some it is a prayer to wake in the morning to a beautiful summer day and say, "Good morning, God." For some, prayer is lofty thoughts, or communion with nature. A kind act is a sort of prayer; a smile from a child or a friendly hand that opens a heavy door can be prayers. My conscience used to hurt me when I went to sleep saying my prayers until a friend told me God didn't mind, He must think it a perfect way to go to sleep. Some people like to read or memorize beautiful printed prayers, some use a Rosary. Some set a time apart each day to pray, some prefer to assume a certain position, some of our greatest prayers are made in time of great need when, like the apostle Paul, we grope in prayer. Perhaps these are our greatest prayers.

Let us pray: Dear Heavenly Father, we thank You for prayer. We thank You for the glories of nature, the beauties of sunrise and sunsets that all may share and enjoy, the songs of birds and for the birds, too. We thank You for water when we are thirsty and for food when we are hungry, and for all the things we take for granted. We thank You that we have

two eyes and two ears to enjoy the beauties you have given us. Help us to remember to be kind and gentle, unselfish, patient, faithful and cheerful. Help us to sift out all resentment, pride and prejudices. Help us to remember that we can bring the blessings of peace to this confused world only after our own hearts have found that peace. Help us to serve Thee by helping others in a blooming beauty of service for You. Amen.

THE POWER OF GOD

There is an indefinable mysterious Power that pervades everything. I feel it though I do not see it. It is this unseen Power which makes itself felt and yet defies all proof, because it is so unlike all that I perceive through my senses. It transcends the senses. But it is possible to reason out the existence of God to a limited extent.

I do dimly perceive that whilst everything around me is ever-changing, ever-dying, there is underlying all that change a Living Power that is changeless, that holds all together, that creates, dissolves, and re-creates. That informing Power or Spirit is God. And since nothing else I see merely through the senses can or will persist, He alone is.

And is this Power benevolent or malevolent? I see it as purely benevolent. For I can see that in the midst of death life persists, in the midst of untruth truth persists, in the midst of darkness light persist. Hence I gather that God is Life, Truth, Light. He is Love, He is the Supreme Good.

—Mohandas Gandhi, 1869-1948

THE GREAT JOURNEY

Dawn Edwards

(The following three pages are drawn from Miss Edwards' brilliant and important book, JOURNEY INTO CONSCIOUSNESS, reviewed in the June 1960 issue.)

In the process of becoming conscious of life, of the self, man goes through all the pain of the death traits. The death traits are of course a denial of life. They are materialism, which is a state of mind. Life is expansion—death is contraction. Life is warmth—death is cold. Life is active and outgoing—death is inactive and ingrown. Life is potent, creative—death is impotent, destructive. Love causes us to expand, to liberate, to be liberated, to create, to give—and is of and with life! Hate causes us to withdraw, imprison, be imprisoned, to destroy, withhold—and is of death, the denial of life. Language makes use of these states in descriptions of people: He's so dead; she's so full of life.' The open hand cannot grasp; one cannot be greedy, selfish and possessive and at the same time selfless, undivided from others or unseparate. One cannot be loving and creative (alive) and at the same time hateful and destructive (dead).

Yet these death traits, caused by wrong understanding of self and its needs and purposes, are the painful experiencing of ignorance that is just part of man's journey. Can the journey be shortened? Some have made it instantaneously (supposedly, but with inquiry it will be found a background for such awakening has been laid), "in the twinkling of an eye"; others have laboriously hued out the path to freedom.

Unlike other journeys, there is no set distance nor time-table for the journey of journeys. There are no maps, and even the words left here and there, or sent back by those who have arrived, have little meaning until we know their meaning by digested experience. Most strange of all, great laps of this journey can be made when we are perfectly still—stopped, as it were; and at times when we are busiest with activities, we are standing still, or going backwards. The latter has been called "running away from self," "keeping busy," "accomplishing something," or even "Killing time." Then suddenly, in

a moment of clarity, busy man realizes he has been still and has spent his life gathering up facts and things of impermanence and unreality that he cannot take with him on his journey....

As stated, there is no time nor distance for this journey. To decide to make it is the first important step; to be sincere the second; then the means to do so will come. There are laws of life, and there are signs in nature, in the mind, and in the skies pointing toward what man is unfolding. But every man is for himself the way, and he will get there by the talents given him, or by unused potentials he has to rouse. This is one journey that cannot be taken at another's expense, nor via his back, though help of one kind and another can be given—giving being a life trait. However, on the journey, the one who gives benefits more than the receiver. The desire to get "home" fraudulently is just another mental chain that has to be broken out of before the prisoner is free to move.

The laws of life are exactly opposite from those of death. Any one of these adds but another nail to the coffin. Parasitism, cleverness, slyness, acquisitive ambition and dishonesty of all types may pay rewards in the world of imagined treasure which the living dead enjoy, but in the living reality they deplete the life-fuel by which a man travels...

This destination of the soul's freedom, for which every man longs, is his own home of majestic sweetness and awesome grandeur, of peace and bliss; a realm that reduces all material magnificence to drifting sand and bits of waste paper; yet it opens to any pauper or king who raises himself from the dead, the doors of the infinite. One glimpse of it and he loses all taste forever for the fool's gold with which he had mistakenly hoped to procure satisfaction and meaning...

The self is waiting to know the self, and to be known, and responds to the stimulus from the outer what is contained in the inner. The ego responds to ignorance—but the self only "lights up" to truth, itself. Other names for the self can be truth, love, life, God, intelligence, good, beauty or reality, whichever symbol is preferred. They are all properties of the One Essence, of which man is an expression. And when he hears truth, he knows it is truth, without question, for when he hears it he is

able to know; and when he doesn't hear or know, cannot yet "see," he tries to settle his doubts about untruth with "proof" he can see and touch with the inaccurate physical senses. But no amount of proving will convince us of what we don't already know... *Why should man keep searching for happiness and meaning, in whatever mistaken ways, unless he knows deep down that such are his natural estate?*

We have a thought and want a certain word to express it; or have a feeling and know there's a truth or memory to go with it. We keep discarding one word or thought after another, but when the right one "comes to mind," we say "That's it!" The self has flared up with an affirmation. The ego-self will deny vehemently what may be true of it (for remember one of its death-traits is arrogance, vanity), but the self only responds to what is true, and this with certainty, and will not respond otherwise. The real only responds to the real, as many people who have mated for the ego's reasons have discovered sadly. The ego, then, responds to the false, to illusion; the self to the true. Or when both are struggling, the ego weakens the true expression, as in egocentricity. The ego does not want to be recognized in all its trickery; but the self cares only for reality...

A mariner steers by a course all across the deeps of the ocean, through darkness and storm and calm. An architect builds from his blueprint. But man, sidetracked by the ego and its view of reality, is lost. Without trust in the self, without the knowledge of it and trueness to his nature, he has no course to steer by, no faith in life or others that isn't easily abandoned to fear, and its defense, hostility....

Most, upon sensing or hearing a direction from the self, dismiss the "still small voice" or directing "feeling" as nonsense, to their later regret. They may even become so "out of control" that they can no longer hear it, nor cease from habitual worrying, nor give up an obsession. Listen! For the self is everywhere and in everything, and tells us in many languages the things we need and want to hear. *The ocean is only many times over the drop of water, and if the drop wakened and knew itself, it would know the ocean....*

(JOURNEY INTO CONSCIOUSNESS may be obtained at Aurora Publishers, Box 36034, Los Angeles 36, California.)

HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN?

Mildred Long

"I have had psychotherapy and counseling, have run up such a bill with the psychiatrist that he threatens to sue me. But I have never learned to take my problem apart and deal with it, piece by piece, as you suggest."

These were words from the lips of a defeated wife and mother. She was at her wits' end. Resources had run out. Problems had accumulated. If we had looked at the problems alone, we would say, "They are so numerous and intricate, they are insurmountable." But I answered her: "There is still God."

When psychiatry fails, when counseling is inadequate, when human wisdom is exhausted, there is still God. And any or all of these human helps fail without God.

A young man in a mental institution, with whom I was having conversations, said to me, "After our first talk I realized I was sick in my soul." He accepted the challenge presented by this realization and in three months he had believed and prayed his way to sanity and freedom. He claimed God's help.

This is the sickness of our modern world. We are sick in our souls. Our personalities are warped. We are not at peace with ourselves. Most of all we are not on right terms with God our Creator. How can we expect to function smoothly in an ever increasingly intricate way of life?

Unless we seek healing at the core of life, we shall be forever frustrated on the periphery. Unless we become sons of God, in the real meaning of the words, we shall find problems mounting and insurmountable. We are seeking help from men and man-made sciences—and they are truly wonderful—but these without God are lifeless.

St. Augustine said, "The soul was made for God, and it will be restless until it finds rest in Him." Thomas Kelly said, "Gladly committing ourselves in body and soul, utterly and completely, to the Light Within, is the beginning of true life."

Jesus said, "Ye must be born again." Paul said, "Be ye transformed by the renewing of your minds." All of these speak of a transformation, a renewal, a changed life, a divine contact that leaves its permanent stamp of righteousness on the human life. The healing of all outward aberrations and ab-

normalities depends upon the healing of the soul and personality.

God alone is the author of such healing. David, the sweet singer of Israel, gave us a picture of this healing God unexcelled in literature, when he said, "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want; He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me beside the still waters; He restoreth my soul." God alone restores the soul. God alone can tame man's ego and make it obedient to His design. God alone can bring the healing that sets man free and furnish the light that gives man wisdom. How dare we leave God out? How presumptuous to assume we do not need Him! Life stories tell us over and over: when all else fails, there is still God. And when we try God, healing comes, victory and joy arise.

The beautiful Psalm of the Good Shepherd not only gives us this heartening message of restoration but shows us how it is done. When man in his relationship to God becomes like the sheep in its relation to the shepherd, then the work is accomplished.

The shepherd takes all responsibility for the sheep who are stupid and helpless. He finds the pasture, makes them lie down to rest after eating, provides a quiet pool from which they will drink, guards them from danger, day and night. In every way and all the time he takes care of their needs.

Our Heavenly Father will do this for us if we are like sheep. Sheep are trusting, obedient, and devoted to the shepherd. Are we trusting? How much tension is created in you day by day? A doctor once told me that the test of your faith is your ability to relax. Do we really trust God?

Are we obedient? Take the Sermon on the Mount and apply it to your personal life. How much of it do you obey? Are we dedicated to be His followers regardless of by-paths and other allurements? Are we really committed to His way, His life, His truth? And do we love Him with all the heart, soul, mind, and strength?

This relationship of the trusting, believing, loving child to the Almighty Father provides the groundwork for the solution of all our problems. Without this foundation our efforts are mostly futile or at least are only of temporary value.

Said St. Teresa: "Let nothing disturb you. All things are passing. God never

changeth."

Man can never be so far out on a limb, or so lost in the desert, or so frustrated in mind, or so burdened with troubles that the situation is hopeless. For there is still God—invincible, eternal, full of love, ready and willing to impart His life to us. And with that Life to all who are receptive He freely gives His power, His wisdom, and His victory over all obstacles.

This is always the last and victorious word: There is still God.

OUR VAST HERITAGE

Bess Foster Smith

According to Arnold Toynbee, the great historian, all wisdom is enshrined within the myths and allegories, the fables and the symbols that have been handed down to us through the ages. Although man's religion is based on this wisdom and has always been accepted by faith, he is a curious creature and seeks to know why these most ancient bits of literature and art and these well worn symbols are so valuable to his welfare. It is most gratifying to find our great thinkers are searching for truths along these lines.

Carl Gustav Jung, now eighty-five years of age, has spent his life searching for the answer. In doing so he has become recognized as the greatest psychologist of our time. Simplifying his work down to the least common denominator, we can understand somewhat why the relics, symbols, and allegories are all so important to our present day thinking and why religion is so necessary to give balance to lives and avoid frustrations.

In these foreshortened lessons, the deeper meanings have been kept alive. Sometimes only a symbol is left to tell a whole story and that story may stand for the entire history of a race of people. Perhaps a stone, a picture, a word, or a geometric figure holds volumes concerning the relationship of man to his Creator.

It may be the signs of the Zodiac, certain numerals, the square, the compass, the Tree of Life, the Cedars of Lebanon. It may be a cross,

a crown, a circle or any number of thought-provoking symbols. Strange as it seems, a certain deeper meaning keeps repeating itself in the recesses of the mind, often below consciousness. Smoldering there, they have the power to light the spark of creative thinking from generation to generation.

As records are preserved on microfilm, the mind retains in its archives these historic expressions of expieriences piled higher and higher until they have become what Jung and others call archetypes. These archtypes have sunk deep into man's subjective mind beyond conscious recall but are, nevertheless, considered to be most important to our present way of life; for it is here that the basic instincts lie, and these instincts govern our desires.

Unlike Freud, who attributed all behavior to the basic instinct of sex and its conflicts, Jung assumes that the religious instinct is also basic. He is one who admits that man has a soul, or that he *is* a soul. Since such an instinct as natural worship of man for his creator exists and is now lying deep in the sub-strata of consciousness, he believes that conflicts can be caused in one's life from a lack of religion and worship and that this is the cause of much frustration in the lives of people today. This is why they have dual personalities—Jekyll and Hyde types. To be an integrated personality one must live true to one's background, true to the archetypes of one's nature. A unified personality, one not at war with one's self, Jung says, constitutes the whole struggle of man for peace of mind and for contentment of soul.

As we go about building our lives upon the great mass of archetypes of our complex background, we are, like children, building block houses. We must learn to be true to our foundation if we would retain our balance. If we fail, we ourselves create the great catastrophe in our society and cause it to become easy prey to outside influences.

It is gratifying, indeed, to have great scholars like Arnold Toynbee, and great psychologists like Carl Jung confirm our beliefs and broaden our minds. It should give us a fuller realization of our vast heritage and a renewed desire to learn more of the basic principles of life from the vast storehouse of riches on which the soul of man has been kept alive. «»»

I WAIT

When I, perplexed, compare fault-filled Today
With imaged beauty of what ought to be,
My heart burns keenly and I cannot stay
Impatience at the rude disparity.
I see brave merit scorned and cast aside,
Bright reason mocked, and honor ground in dust,
While insolence and greed are glorified;
Pride virtue named, and love defined as lust.
But when I think of that Great Architect
Who watched the lonely aeons come and go,
To whom the suns and planets genuflect,
Impatience dies, and murmurs cease to flow.
The Hand that wrote the stars I contemplate,
And fret no more; I am content to wait.

—Francis Merchant

"There is an ocean—cold water without motion. In this ocean, however, is the Gulf Stream, hot water flowing from the Equator towards the Pole. Inquire of all scientists how it is physically imaginable that a stream of hot water flows between the waters of the ocean, which, so to speak, form its banks, the moving within the motionless, the hot within the cold, no scientist can explain it. Similarly, there is the God of love within the God of the forces of the universe—one with Him, and yet so totally different. We let ourselves be seized and carried away by that vital stream."

—Albert Schweitzer

We cannot keep the old beliefs, the old creeds, if we would. They belong to a condition of mind which is fast being outgrown.

—John Burroughs

When you get into a tight place and everything goes against you, till it seems as if you couldn't hold on a minute longer, never give up then, for that's just the place and time that the tide will turn.

—*Harriet Beecher Stowe*

THE MOMENT...

The moment may come while we are alone in the darkness under the stars, or while we walk by ourselves or in a crowd. It may come upon the sinking ship or in the tumult of the battle. There is no saying when it may come. For it comes as the dawn comes, through whatever clouds and mists. But after it comes, our lives are changed. Before the coming of the true King, this blood-stained rubbish of an ancient world shrivels like paper thrust into a flame. Thereafter one goes about like one who was lonely and has found a lover, like one who was perplexed and has found a solution. One is assured that there is a Power that fights against the confusion and evil of the world. There comes into the heart an enduring happiness and courage.

—H. G. Wells

"Be of good cheer: I have overcome the world."

—*John 16:33*

NOTICES and COMMENTS

FIP BOARD MEETING. The annual meeting of the Board of Trustees of Fellowship in Prayer, scheduled for February 1, was postponed until later in the year, as some members were unable to attend.

ANNIVERSARY ISSUE RESPONSE. Many new subscriptions have come in as a result of the Tenth Anniversary Number, and the response from readers has been widely favorable. We are very grateful for all the letters we received and to all our new subscribers we extend a cordial welcome to Fellowship in Prayer. Anyone who feels he can effectively distribute extra copies of this commemorative issue should write to us as soon as possible.... At this point our work, judged on the basis of the publication's growth and the steady increase in subscriptions, is at its highest peak. With this regular issue the publication has been expanded to 32 pages. In addition we shall continue to make a sustained effort to keep improving it all the time.

SUPPORT NEEDED. At the same time we must call attention to our financial condition, which is not as secure as we would like. To continue expanding our work and to acquire more help in our office, we remind our readers that any extra contributions they are able to make will be most appreciated. These contributions are tax deductible... Another kind of support, equally necessary, is a steady supply of interesting and well-written manuscripts on any aspect of prayer and religious life that may inspire the writer. Articles, poetry, prayers and suitable fiction are all welcome. However, because of the nature of our work and its expressly stated purpose, we cannot print material which is sectarian or occult in its viewpoint. Otherwise we are eager to hear from new writers and hope that readers with literary inclinations will favor us with their manuscripts.

CONTRIBUTORS. This issue presents the work of two writers new to our pages: Professor George B. Fowler and Mrs. Janet Hackney...Professor Fowler is a member of the His-

tory Department at the University of Pittsburgh and has long been a student of comparative religion. His unusual and informative piece on 'Buddhist Meditation' in the center pages is a product of this special interest. It should prove stimulating to readers with a particular interest in the spiritual truths of the great non-Christian religions. Readers desiring further information on the subject of his article may write to The First Zen Institute of America, 156 Waverly Place, New York 14, N. Y....Mrs. Janet Hackney's 'God In My Garden,' on page 18, makes a splendid beginning in FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER. To us it represents the work of a natural-born writer with a particular gift of imparting spiritual wisdom in a beautifully simple manner. Mrs. Hackney resides in Little Rock, Arkansas and has promised us more of her inspired writings in the future ...Mr. Wallace Tibbetts has been in with us since 1952 and has appeared in our pages a number of times in the past. He is a retired attorney residing in Wellesley Hills, Mass., and has been active for many years in the field of religious writing. We are happy to print his 'Fruits of Faith' on page 7. Mr. Tibbetts is presently quite ill and asks our prayers to help speed his recovery.

RECOMMENDATIONS. Dr. Francis Merchant's poem, 'I Wait, appearing on page 28, is drawn from the latest issue of his fine quarterly publication, THE COMMON GOOD, published and edited by him at 122 Bayley Ave., Platteville, Wisconsin. The current issue is devoted wholly to a sequence of 24 sonnets, which establishes him as a poet of remarkable talent. We strongly urge our readers to write to him for a copy of THE COMMON GOOD, whose subscription rate is $1.00 a year.... If our readers are as impressed by Mark Halpern's 'Kismet', on page 8, as we are, they should write to House-Warven, 5228 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif., the publishers of the book JEWELS FROM A TEMPLE, from which 'Kismet' was selected. It contains a great many stories and fables of quality similar to 'Kismet' and would be a source of inspiration to many people.

WORLD DAY OF PRAYER. On February 17, a World Day of Prayer is being observed. This is the 75th year of its observance in the United States.

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In Prayer

In prayer I lift my mind to Thee, oh God.
In contemplation of Thy greatness, goodness, mercy,
My mind is cleansed, refreshed, and healed.

In prayer I lift my heart to Thee, oh God.
In feeling Thine enfolding love, Thy great compassion,
My heart is warmed and fed and blest.

In prayer I lift my soul to Thee, oh God.
In consciousness of Thy life flowing through me,
In realization of Thy divine Presence,
My soul is made aware, and vibrant with Eternal
Light and Life.

—Mildred Long

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